King. March on, march on, since we are vp in armes,
If not to fight with forraigne enemies,
Yet to beate downe these rebels here at home.

Enter Catesby.

Cat. My liege, the Duke of Buckingham is taken,
That's the best newes, that the Earle of Richmond
Is with a mightie power landed at Milford,
Is colder tydings, yet they must be told.

King. Away towards Salisbury, while we reason here,
A royall battell might be wonne and lost.
Some one take order Buckingham be brought
To Salisbury, the rest march on with me.

Ente Darbie, Sir Christopher.

Dar. Sir Christopher, tell Richmond this from me,
That in the stie of this most bloudie bore,
My sonne George Stanley is franckt vp in hold,
If I reuolt, off goes yong Georges head,
The feare of that, withholds my present aide,
But tell me, where is princely Richmond now?

Christ. At Pembrooke, or at Herford-west in Wales.

Dar. What men of name resort to him?

S. Christ. Syr Walter Herbert, a renowmed souldier,
Syr Gilbet Talbot, sir William Stanley,
Oxford, redoubted Pembrooke, sir Iames Blunt,
Rice vp Thomas, with a valiant crew.
With many moe of noble fame and worth,
And towards London they do bend their course,
If by the way they be not fought withall.

Dar. Returne vnto my Lord, commend me to him,
Tell him, the Queene hath hartily consented,
He shall espowse Elizabeth her daughter,
These Letters will resolue him of my minde,
Farewell. *Exeunt.*

Enter Buckingham to execution.

Buc. Will not King Richard let me speake with him?

Rat. No my Lord, therefore be patient.

Buc. Hastings, and Edwards children, Riuers, Gray,
Holy King Henry, and thy faire sonne Edward,
Vaugham, and all that haue miscarried,
By vnderhand corrupted, fowle iniustice,

Line 20 Harford west.
Line 29 unto thy lord —

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This is Allsoules d
Rat. It is my Lo
Buc. Why then A
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WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Richard III* (STC 22318) LONDON, 1612 THE BODLEIAN LIBRA